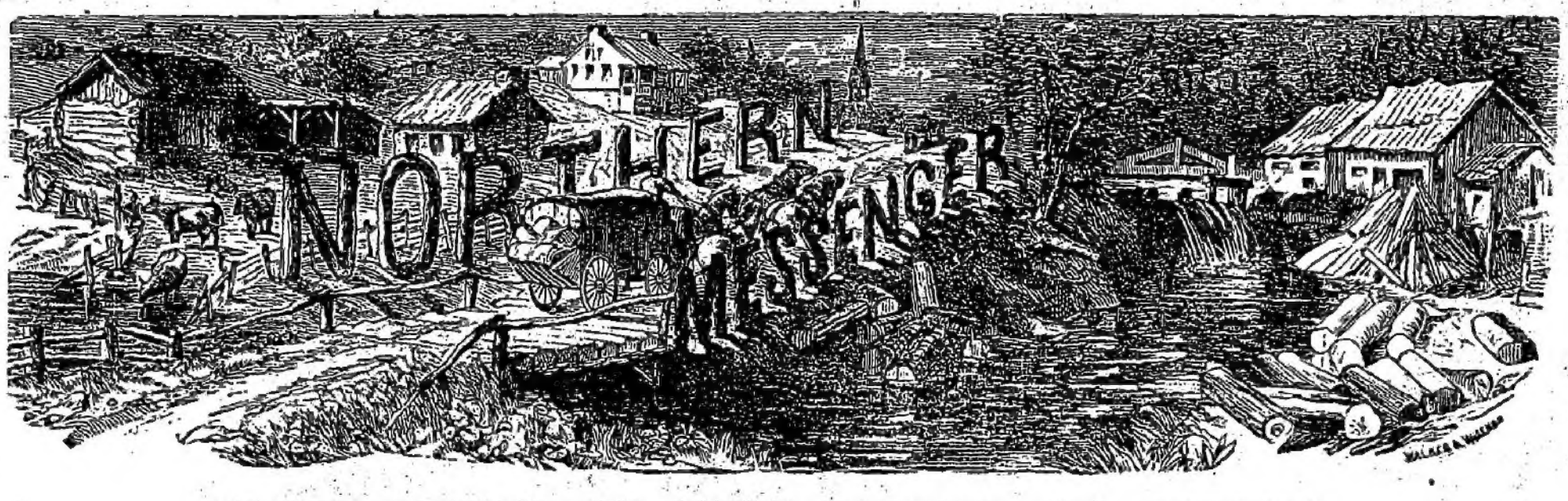

DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND AGRICULTURE.

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MRS. FULLER'S BOY.

The Fullers—we do not give the real name—were an influential family. They were wealthy, cultured people, and among the most prominent members of the principal church in the Western town in which they lived. Every Sunday they filled their pew, gave liberally to church and other charities, and the minister was always welcomed to their table.

Mrs. Fuller was a sincere Christian woman. No one acquainted with her daily life could question her sincerity. But she was peculiarly reserved and sensitive, with an extreme dislike of obtruding on the reserve of other people. Her son was her constant companion as he grew to early manhood—a clever, spirited boy; keen of apprehension and eager for knowledge. His mother discussed every subject but that of religion freely with him. He had been sent constantly to Sunday-school and had been taught the chief facts in Jewish history, and that relating to the life and mission of Christ. But she had never asked him to consider the relation in which he himself stood to God, or urged him to take Christ as the guide and model of his life—his Friend and Master. There had been times when she felt almost driven to do this, but when the lad was at her side, and they were surrounded by the atmosphere of every-day life, her courage had failed her and the subject had been deferred. He was a handsome, perfectly healthy young man, a noted athlete, with a life full of plans and hopes before him; there was plenty of time, she felt, for such counsel and entreaties.

Last October the boy was struck down with diphtheria. On the second day the physician told him he had not an hour to live. While he lay stunned and silent, some one spoke to him of Christ as a Saviour.

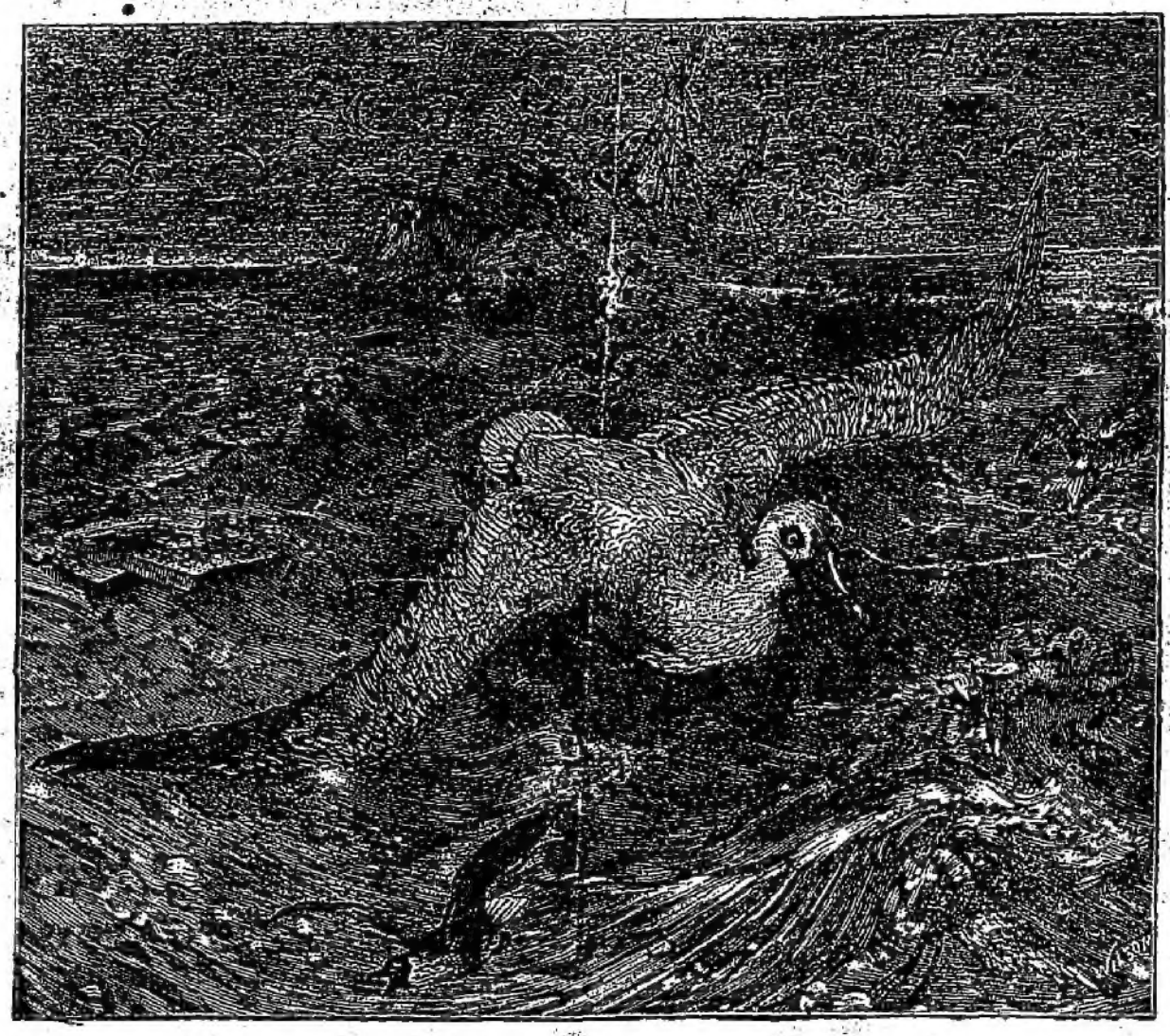
"Saviour? Why, I never thought about him!" he cried. "He is no Saviour of mine. Mother, why didn't you talk to me of him?"

These were his last words. In a few moments his senses were clouded, and before the hour was over, he was dead.

Every mother will understand the intolerable legacy of remorse that was left by these words. Yet how many mothers, although religious women in their profession and habits of life, never break the silence between themselves and their sons on this subject! They defer it to a more convenient season, and soon the tender boy is a hardened man, and has left home and passed from under their influence. If a man's mother has not cared for his soul, who will?—*Youth's Companion.*

SOME THINGS BOYS SHOULD KNOW.

Boys should never go through life satisfied to be always borrowing other people's brains. There are some things they should find out for themselves. There is always something waiting to be found out. An apple dropped at the feet of Newton, and he took it as an invitation to study the forces of nature, and thereby discovered the law of gravitation. Every boy should think some thought, or do some good deed, that shall live after him. A farmer's boy should discover for himself what timber will bear the most weight, what is the most elastic, what will last longest in the water, what out of the water, what is the best time to cut down trees for firewood. How many kinds of oaks grow in our region, and what is each especially good for? How does a bird fly without moving a wing or a feather? How does a snake climb a tree or a brick wall? Is there a difference between a deer's track and a hog's track? What is it? How often does a deer shed his horns, and what becomes of them? In building a chimney, which should be the largest, the throat or the funnel? Should it be wider at the top or drawn in? The boys see many horses. Did they ever see a white colt? Do they know how old a twig must be to bear peaches, and how old the vine is when grapes first hang upon it? There is a bird in the forest which never builds a nest, but lays her eggs in the nests of other birds. Can the boys tell what bird it is? Do they know that a hop-vine always winds with the course of the sun, but a bean-vine always winds the other way? Do they know that when a horse crops grass he eats back towards him; but that a cow eats outwards from her, because she has no teeth upon her upper jaw, and has to gum it?—*Chatterbox.*



THE ALBATROSS.*

BY CELIA THAXTER.

He spreads his wings like banners to the breeze,
  He cleaves the air, afloat on pinions wide;
Leagues upon leagues, across the lonely seas,
  He sweeps above the vast, uneasy tide.

For days together through the trackless skies,
  Steadfast, without a quiver of his plumes,
Without a moment's pause for rest, he flies
  Through dazzling sunshine and through cloudy glooms.

Down the green gulfs he glides, or skims the foam,
  Searching for booty with an eager eye,
Hovering aloft where the long breakers comb
  O'er wrecks forlorn, that topple helplessly.

He loves the tempest he is glad to see
  The roaring gale to heaven the billows toss,
For strong to battle with the storm is he,
  The mystic bird, the wandering albatross!

* "This fine bird is possessed of wondrous powers of wing, sailing along for days together without requiring rest, hardly ever flapping its wings, merely swaying itself leisurely from side to side with extended pinions."—*Wood's Natural History.*

"How they propel themselves in the air is difficult to understand; for they scarcely ever flap their wings, but sail gracefully along, swaying from side to side, sometimes skimming the water so closely that the point of one wing dips into it, then rising up like a boomerang into the air, then descending again and flying with the wind or against it with equal facility."—*Rambles of a Naturalist, (Cuthbert Collingwood).*

We Reprove each other unconsciously by our own behavior. Our very carriage and demeanor in the streets should be a reprimand that will go to the conscience of every beholder. An infusion of love from a great soul gives a color to our faults which will discover them as lunar caustic detects impurities in water.—*Thoreau.*

AUBURN
——GALLION QUE
N Y Dozer 1881

Temperance Department.

THE WIFE'S NEW STORY.

The story, ma'am? Why, really now, I haven't much to say;
If you had come a year ago, and then again to-day,
No need of any word to tell, for your own eyes could see
Just what the friends of Temperance have done for John and me.

A year ago I hadn't flour to make a batch of bread,
And many a night these little ones went hungry to their bed;
Just peep into the pantry, ma'am; there's sugar, flour, and tea;—
That's what the friends of Temperance have done for John and me.

The pail that holds the butter he used to fill with beer;
He hasn't spent a cent for drink for two months and a year;
He pays his debts, he's well and strong, and kind as man can be:—
That's what the friends of Temperance have done for John and me.

He used to sneak along the streets feeling so mean and low,
And always felt ashamed to meet the folks he used to know;
He looks the world now in the face, he steps off bold and free;—
That's what the friends of Temperance have done for John and me.

Why, at the shop, the other day, when a job of work was done,
The boss declared, of all his men the steadiest one was John;
"I used to be the worst, my wife," John told me, and says he—
"That's what the friends of Temperance have done for you and me."

The children were afraid of him, his coming stopped their play;
Now every night, when supper's done, and the table cleared away,
The boys will frolic round his chair, the baby climb his knee:—
That's what the friends of Temperance have done for John and me.

Oh, yes! the sad, sad times are gone, the sorrow and the pain;
The children have their father back, and I my John again.
Don't mind my crying, ma'am, indeed it's just for joy, to see
All that the friends of Temperance have done for John and me.

And mornings when he's gone to work, I kneel right down and say,
"Father in Heaven, oh, help dear John to keep his pledge to-day!"
And every night, before I sleep, thank God on bended knee
For what the friends of Temperance have done for John and me.

—*The Christian.*

TIMOTHY GRAFT'S FORTUNE.

BY LUCIA E. F. KIMBALL.

CHAPTER II.

The warmth and the rubbing soon had the desired effect, and Nan opened her eyes and they found that she was not seriously injured. The younger woman had heard the story from Phil, who under the excitement and her sympathy told the whole sad history almost before he knew it.

"I didn't mean to tell 'bout father," he said, with the color mounting to his face as he thought what he was doing.

"Of course you didn't, but I want to know; perhaps we can help you."

Miss Earl spoke so assuringly, Phil was comforted, and now that Nan was looking like herself again, he began to think that they had stumbled into heaven.

Nor was he altogether wrong, for these Christian women by their kindly ministries were doing their best to bring a little of heavenly brightness and comfort and good cheer into this desolate, degraded neighborhood. They knew just what Phil and Nan needed and after the latter had grown a little stronger they bathed her face and brushed her hair and showed Phil to a little side room where there was a luxury of warm water and soap and clean towels. Meantime the janitor had been sent to a restaurant near by for a pail of hot soup and the sight of those two famished children as they devoured the savory mess was reward enough. Then she made Nan comfortable in a warm corner, and told her she could just lie there and enjoy the meeting.

The boys and girls came dropping in singly and by twos and threes. Some of them were orderly and quiet with painstaking in regard to their personal appearance that was pathetic to those who knew how meagre were their sources in this direction; and others were *noisy* and rude, with uncombed hair, and hands and faces that seemed never to have known the beneficence of soap and water.

Margaret Earl and her friend had the experience of all those who undertake work of this kind in a great city. Sometimes they went home asking, "Will it do any good? Is it worth the time and patience and strength?" And then again they saw such signs of improvement, and came, often accidentally, upon such clear evidence of the working with them of "One mightier than the sons of men," that their hearts were made glad and their faith strengthened.

There opened before them such abysses of woe as the result of the drink habit that Margaret would say, "If those who are different could see the ruin it works and the sorrow it brings to the helpless and innocent they would care, they would do something to help cure the nation of this curse."

Sometimes she asked the friends she entertained in her own delightful home to come and see what they were trying to do and the need of such effort. Some of them said "it was a lovely work and they should be glad to know more about it," and never came. Others wondered how she could go into such places and among such people. These she never asked a second time, and maintained a discreet silence when with them concerning the matter.

Let us go back to the meeting. There were songs and devotional exercises—a temperance lesson and recitations by the young people, and a cornet solo, which latter, of course, received a flattering *encore*. Then Miss Earl spoke to them. Her heart yearned over those two forlorn little souls, and she knew no better way of comforting them than by telling over again the old, old story. It seemed never before to have held such depths of sweetness and grace as she tried to make very plain to the children the message that the angels brought; "Unto you is born a Saviour who is Christ the Lord." Thinking of Phil and Nan in their loneliness, which even she could not reach, there came a sense of the precious personality of the dear Christ-Child, and again and again she said it over, "'Unto you,' each boy, each girl, is born a Saviour, just as truly as if there was not another soul in the world. And He is born—all ready for every one of you. When you want Him you don't have to travel a long way to find Him or give your order to somebody who will keep you waiting a long time. He is close by—born to save every one of us if we will only let Him."

Sometimes men dropped into the meeting because the place was warm, or their children had asked them to come. When Miss Earl said, "if you have any questions to ask or anything you want to say, we shall be glad to hear from any of you," a great, rough man rose and told how his children had brought home a pledge for him to sign, and how he wouldn't at first, and how his heart was "all broke up" hearing them sing about Jesus loving everybody, and how at last he had given up the drink and found that Christ could save even him. And he said in closing, "I'm that much happy I can't help coming, here to tell 'bout it an' thank the ladies for what they've done for the children an' me."

Nan's eyes grew large and eager as she listened, and two bright spots burned in her cheeks. She could hardly wait till the meeting closed and Miss Earl was at liberty.

"Do you think Christ could save my father? You said He was born for everybody."

Nan's breath came and went so fast she could hardly get out the words, and the look in her pinched face brought the tears to Miss Earl's eyes as she answered brightly: "Of course He can, dear child, if he will let Him."

"Can I bring him here? Didn't I tell you, Phil, if we could only get to somebody who cared and would help us?"

Nan's face shone with the new hope that had seized her, and Phil was in quite too blissful a state to doubt anything however marvellous.

Miss Earl sat down and told the story all over again as plainly and simply as possible for she had learned the value of individual talks with the children. Then she took the number of the street where they lived, and said she would come and see them. She sent the janitor home with them, and went away herself, wondering how long it would take to reach and save Timothy Graft, or if he could be saved at all.

It would be too long a story to tell how Nan and Phil worked with Miss Earl to save their father. It was weeks before he would come to the meeting, and as many more before he took hold of Christ. It is the saddest thing of all about the drink that it keeps people away from Christ and His love. But one night he stood up in the meeting and with a trembling voice asked them to pray for Him. He signed the pledge after it was over, and Nan and Phil kept hold of his hands, one on either side, as they walked home. You do not need to hear of the days that followed when they all rejoiced with trembling.

Timothy Graft was a good workman, but he had lost places more than once because of his drinking habits, and everybody seemed suspicious of him. And there were a good many others looking for work about that time. He loved his family, and now that his brain was clear and he was his old self once more, "It made his heart like lead," as he told Miss Earl one day, to see them so poor. Every morning he started out with fresh courage to find work—up and down the streets, into the shops and factories, everywhere that there was the smallest chance. Every evening Mollie Graft watched and waited for his coming with a quickly-beating heart, and when she heard his step and knew it was steady, there was a joyful thanksgiving that he was safe at home once more. But it was hard to meet him and learn by the look in his face that his weary search had been all in vain. She often feigned being very busy, thinking this would help make it a little easier for him.

One night he said to Miss Earl: "If somebody had told me when I was a boy how true them words in the Bible is 'bout its bitin' like a serpent an' stingin' like an adder at the last, I'd been saved all this mebby. Trouble is, young folks don't think nothin' 'bout 'at the last' part of the drinkin'. It seems fine 'nough at first, but its awful sorrow I have, worse than starvin' an' freezin', to think how I've let the liquor bite me an' my family." And he added: "If it wa'n't for all ye that's prayin' for me, I'd go crazy, but I b'lieve I'll find some work afore long, an' if the good Lord'll only lemme git onto my feet again, I'll serve Him right powerful all my days—what's left of 'em"—and there came a great sigh and a look of pitiful sadness as he thought of the many that had been worse than wasted.

One night Miss Earl gave him a package to take home, saying, "Your coat is very thin for such weather as this. You'll find one here that is warmer. A gentleman left it for me to give to some one. I guess you need it the most; you are out so much in the cold looking for work. Keep up good heart. I'm sure it is not far away."

Nor was it. He put on the coat the next morning, and wore it up town. He put his hands into the pockets to keep them warm. His fingers touched something that felt like money. He drew it out. It was only a penny, but in that little circle of copper lay Timothy Graft's fortune. A few weeks before, the sight of a penny even would have made him think of drink, but now it was quite different. An idea came to him—who shall say it was not heaven-sent? A shrill, high-keyed voice rang out on the frosty air, "*Tribune—Times—Inter Ocean—Daily News*, one cent." This penny would buy a *News*; that had advertisements; he might find something in it. It was a quick exchange, and sure enough, there was an advertisement for work he could do. He almost ran to the place. Unlike so many others it was not filled, and very soon he was at work and could have it straight along at $2.50 per day. How blessed it seemed, that hard, heavy work in the snow and ice? He thanked God for it all the day through.

It was such a new, happy going home! But poor, tired, patient, loving Mollie Graft—you ought to have seen her, as she gave one swift glance into Tim's face, which told as much as the words, "I've got it, Mollie! I've got work!" and then sat down trembling with joy, and the glad tears dropping fast into her old, checked apron.

That was the beginning of better days for Phil and Nan. Their father kept hold of the strong Hand that had clasped his, and when Christmas came around again, they had "a warm place an' 'nough to eat an' a nice home to go to."

They gave Miss Earl a present. You might laugh if I should tell you what it was. Phil and Nan spent three whole Saturday afternoons making the selection, and, do you know, it came from the very identical store on State street where we first made their acquaintance. Miss Earl cared a good deal for the present, she said, because back of it was the heart of these little folks, and back of that was the love of the dear Christ to whom they owed everything, even Timothy Graft his fortune.—*Zion's Herald.*

BOYS' AND GIRLS' TEMPERANCE TEXT-BOOK.

BY H. L. READE.

(*National Temperance Society, New York.*)

PART II.

LESSON VII.—ALCOHOL AND THE DURATION OF HUMAN LIFE.

Do persons who habitually and excessively use alcoholic drinks, live as long as those who do not?

They do not live as long.

How is this known?

It has been proved by selecting a certain number of persons who habitually and excessively use alcoholic drinks, and an equal number who are total abstainers, and then, through a series of years, keeping a record of the age at which those in both classes die.

Having reached the age of twenty years how long may a total abstainer of average bodily health expect to live?

He may expect to live forty-four years.

How long may a man addicted to the habitual and excessive use of alcoholic drinks expect to live at the same age?

He may expect to live fifteen years.

Having reached the age of thirty, how long may a total abstainer expect to live?

At the age of thirty he may expect to live thirty-six years.

How long may a drunkard expect to live at that age.

A drunkard at the age of thirty may expect to live twelve years.

Is the proportion, as persons grow older, between the expectancy of life of those who drink alcohol excessively and those who do not drink it at all, nearly the same?

It is. Although few, if any, excessive drinkers of alcohol live much beyond middle life.

What do these figures conclusively teach? They teach that excessive drinking habits lessen the average length of human life two-thirds.

ONLY STIMULATES; CANNOT STRENGTHEN.—When the body is tired rest and food are required to repair the waste. Alcohol has no power to mend the waste of the body; it robs the blood of oxygen, which is absolutely necessary to the proper action of the nervous and muscular systems. Alcohol may give the drinker a spurt, and thus enable him to accomplish something beyond his natural strength, but it leaves him weak and exhausted afterward. It is like the whip to a horse, making the animal use his strength too rapidly. Benjamin Franklin demonstrated the fact that there is no more strength in a gallon of ale than in a penny loaf; Dr. Livingstone travelled many thousand miles in Africa, and Sir Henry Havelock bore the fatigues of a war campaign in India, without the aid of alcohol. While alcohol cannot give strength, it does serious injury to that vital organ the heart.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

ONE'S OWN VINEYARD.

BY ELIZABETH P. ALLAN.

I wish somebody would tell my little brown-eyed neighbor, one of the best Sunday-school teachers I know, devoting hours every day to her Bible study, regular at teachers' meeting, faithful in visiting her large classes in their homes, full of zeal for missionary societies and mothers' meetings, that her own two little boys, well clothed and fed and disciplined, knowing their commandments and catechism, their creed and the multiplication-table—are starving for Bible stories and bed-time stories, and mother-chosen tales and Mother Goose rhymes. "Mamma never has time to sit and talk to us," they say drearily; "she is so busy."

There is a story in our family that is almost too sad to bear telling, though it is now a story of the past: Fifty years ago my mother and her cousin Ellen married, and settled in the same town, belonging to the same church. Twenty years afterward they were both mothers of large families, mostly boys. In those twenty years, cousin Ellen had been a public benefactress; she was a sort of head deacon in the church, and all of its temporal interests seemed in some way under her care; ladies' societies were rarer then than they are now, but she established, and managed successfully, a sewing-society, to educate young men for the ministry; she persuaded the elders to establish, "from house to house prayer-meetings," and she kept them alive; she taught in two Sunday-schools, sang in the choir, helped to nurse all the sick (rich or poor), and, when earthly needs were over, nobody was so often asked to prepare the dead for their last homes as dear, tender unselfish cousin Ellen.

My mother loved and admired her enthusiastically (and who did not?) and constantly compared her own (as she called it) unfruitful life with this dear friend's, lamenting her inability to do likewise. But her own and her husband's sense of what was due her large family of children, increased by several nephews of his and hers, obliged her to decline any very active share in society work, all Sunday-school teaching, and all "extra" church services. "I am an unprofitable servant," she cried; "Ellen has all my cares and duties, and yet does ten times as much for church and neighbors." Then my father made one of the few harsh speeches on record against him: "Stick to your boys," he said; "Ellen's are roaming the town!"

So my mother put her whole self into her home work. All that she had of education and accomplishments, all that our limited means allowed of beauty and culture, all the entertainment she could make or compass went to brighten and bless our home. From that home went forth ten boys—sons and nephews—and several daughters and in not one single instance did the blessing of God fail to crown that mother's labors, virtue and piety accomplishing their blessed results in children and children's children.

And the other story, of cousin Ellen's boys, who, father said, were roaming the town—it is almost too sad to tell! One after another, she saw them destroy soul and body with drink, until only two remained to follow her to the grave.

Let us not attempt rashly to say what made all this difference; but, oh, let us follow that mother who "stuck to her boys!"—*N. Y. Observer.*

USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.

There are trifling bits of traditionary knowledge, of a different nature from makeshifts, that it would do no harm to drill into the memory of the young by constant repetition, till on occasion to use the knowledge it would be almost instinct. Thus every child should be repeatedly told that in escaping from a burning house it is better to go on all fours than upright, however great the haste, as the cold air falls to the floor, and one can breathe there when it is impossible elsewhere; and that, when one must pass by flames, the mouth and nose should be protected from their inhalation by wet bandages, or by a thick woollen that sifts at least a portion of the smoke and fire. Should not every girl, also, who is ever likely to bear any weight of responsibility, be forced into acquaintance with certain items in the management of diet, of advantage not only to herself, but to whomsoever may come into her hands and under her care? She will remember then that if one falls ill in a dark room, one can not get well in it, but must be moved to a room where the sunlight enters with healing in its wings; that it is well, moreover, to have a few green plants in a room, giving out oxygen and inhaling carbonic acid, but that many will produce a sort of malaria; that a room may be ventilated by pulling up the window-sash and filling all the open space with box or board, letting air in without direct draught through the open line between the two sashes; that a fire will always ventilate by its own draught, but that, in case of infectious illness, one must not stand between the patient and that fire. Our young girl may even be made so much of a philosopher and a surgeon as to know, from seeing it done, that a strong magnet will draw out a broken needle from the flesh it has penetrated, and distinguish between a sudden attack of apoplexy and drunkenness by tickling the soles of the feet, which in apoplexy causes a spasmodic drawing up of the whole limb, and in drunkenness causes no effect at all. Of course it is neither necessary nor best that every young girl, irrespective of inclination, should be educated as a surgeon or a sick-nurse, but she could easily be prepared to take care of the sick on an emergency, or till the more educated nurse can be provided, and it is only carrying out the old tradition of woman in the days of chivalry when she is able to bind a wound with fit bandages, or stanch the flow of blood with tight ones in the proper place, or lance an ulcer without shrinking.—*Harper's Bazar.*

SELF-DENYING MOTHERS.

Many persons seem to think that in the matter of self-denial a mother needs no education, but that it must in the nature of things be innate in her, ready to spring into mature exercise as soon as the little helpless one is given to her. We indeed hear much said of the pain and weariness a mother is willing to endure for her child, and of the privations she gladly undergoes for it; but in some forms this virtue of self-denial loses its claim to be called praiseworthy. It must always be exercised with judgment, the mother asking herself in any given case, not merely—Am *I* willing to do it?—but—Will it be a benefit to my child for me to do it? Very often it requires more self-denial to decline to do than to do.

Not long ago, in a public conveyance, the writer saw a young child of not more than three years of age in the company of some one whom a bit of overheard conversation proved to be its mother. It was dressed in a complete suit of uniform color, composed of rich velvet and satin. The mother's garments were worn and shabby, and her gloves were out at the finger tips. Evidently she had denied herself all expenditure for some time, for the sake of giving her boy as handsome a suit as anyone could buy. Did she think how the incongruity would strike the beholder, making it appear as if she were a servant, taking the child out for an airing, and not its mother? Or did she consider that if she went on in the same course of self-denial so delightful to herself, she would encourage in her boy vanity and selfishness which might some sad day come between mother and son, and cause bitter pain and, perhaps, ruin? Any degree of self-denial to procure a benefit for a child is commendable; but if self-denial is only to minister to the mother's vanity in seeing her child admired, how can it be called a virtue?

I have seen a father open a parcel and bestow upon his little one an interesting toy at the very moment when the family were assembling at the tea-table, and the child must immediately lay it aside for a time, just because he could not restrain his own impatience to see him enjoy it. Naturally the child would either misbehave at the table or eat insufficiently and hurriedly. Did the father consider that he was requiring of the child greater self-control than he was willing to exercise himself. Let us strive to be an example and a help to our children, and never to look upon them as mere toys or ornaments. It is a stern life they must live, and let us, in the truest love, control ourselves in such a way as to fortify them.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

DOMESTIC.

POP-OVERS.—One quart of milk, seven eggs, a little salt, a little more than a tablespoonful of melted butter, and flour enough to make a batter as stiff as buckwheat cakes; beat the eggs until very light, but not separately; bake in cups in a hot oven for one half hour.

OATMEAL SNAPS.—One cup of butter, two of raw oatmeal, three of flour, one teaspoonful of salt, a heaping tea-spoonful of baking-powder, milk enough to make dough. Roll out very thin and cut in round or square cakes. Bake brown in a quick oven.

BOILED SALMON.—*Wash a thick slice of* salmon, weighing about a pound, put it over the fire in salted boiling water, and *boil it gently for fifteen minutes; then* drain it, and serve it on a folded napkin laid on a hot dish. A little cream or melted butter, lightly seasoned with salt and pepper, may be served with it; or a little lemon juice, If the physician permits it.—*Juliet Corson.*

FISH CAKES.—Take any codfish that has been cooked, remove all skin, bone and fat, and make fine. Mix with it mashed potatoes rubbed to a cream with a little butter. One-third as much potatoes, one and one-half, or even the same quantity as you have of fish, can be used. Make it out into little cakes with the hands, and fry in a little butter or fresh suet.

DELICIOUS LEMON PUDDING.—The juice and grated rind of one lemon, a cup of sugar, the yolks of two eggs, three well-rounded table-spoonfuls of flour, a pinch of salt, one pint of rich milk; mix the flour and part of the milk to a smooth paste, add the juice and rind of lemon, the cup of sugar, yolks well beaten, the rest of the milk (after having rinsed out the egg with it), line a pan with puff paste one-fourth of an inch thick, bake in a quick oven until done. Beat whites to a stiff froth, add two teaspoonfuls of sugar, spread over the top, return to oven and brown. Serve with very cold cream, or for a very nice dish add whipped cream. This is a rich but not expensive pudding. The recipe makes sufficient for six. The pudding should be eaten cold.

MACARONI WITH CHEESE.—Macaroni prepared with cheese is a favorite dish with many people. Put the macaroni in boiling water after breaking it in pieces about two inches long; put plenty of salt in the water; let it boil for fifteen minutes, then drain off the water and pour in milk enough to cover the macaroni; let it boil in the milk till it is done; of course you must watch it carefully. When it is tender, put it in a pudding dish, or in some dish in which it can be sent to the table. Put a layer of macaroni in the bottom, with little lumps of butter on it, then a layer of grated cheese, and so on alternately until the dish is full. Cover the top with bread or cracker crumbs, with little lumps of butter on the top; set it in the oven till the top is brown, and it is all thoroughly heated.

BABIES' FEET are objects of unlimited admiration; the soft curves and outlines, and the perfect nails do not in the least suggest the cramped and mis-shapen form they will take after a while, in all human probability. Thoughtlessness, and a mistaken notion of economy, cause the lack of beauty and the sense of discomfort about the feet of the half-grown boy or girl. Children are frequently made to wear shoes that they have outgrown because they are not worn out. "Best" shoes are almost always too small when they are purchased, and as they are only worn occasionally the feet change and enlarge, and are injured by the ill-fitting shoe. The nails should be cared for and looked after by the mother just as conscientiously as the morals of the child. Many an hour of acute pain, as well as of loss to the man or woman, may be charged to the neglect of the nails in childhood. If the discovery is made that the shoe is oppressing the foot and crowding the nails, it would be better to remove the shoe and let the child go without, rather than continue its use. If there is danger of a toenail pressing down in the flesh, it can be avoided by cutting a scallop or point in the centre of the nail. This will certainly prevent ingrowing nails.—*Evening Post.*

PUZZLES.

TRANSFORMATION.

Susie come with me over the sea,
And seek a curious shell;
A priceless gift it is sometimes called,
But wonders within it dwell.

1. An English noble you first discern,
2. Then a monkey full of tricks.
3. A fruit that is best in autumn time,
4. And where we a ring may fix;
5. A place where baby loves to be,
6. And the baby's loving father.
7. The sign of true equality,
8. And the place where daisies gather.
9. What we do to apples before they are stewed,
10. And a famous English drink;
11. Another treasure in another shell—
    I've told you enough, I think.

ANAGRAM BLANKS.

1. The horse—down the—road.
2. He—the parcel near the—.
3. Do not twist the—about your—
4. He—that he had—the food before,
5. I—found a very fine—
6. The—caused a great—before they left.
7. Does he intend to—his—?
8. Will you—the wishes of a—?
9. He went to—as he was—.
10. The fruit was not the— —.
11. Let us leave the—in the—.
12. The poor man seemed—in—sorrow.

TRANSPOSITIONS.

Transpose a portion and make a snare.
Transpose vapor and make viands.
Transpose part of the body and make sharp.
Transpose a portion and make a weed.
Tranpose a fruit and make to gather.
Transpose a piece of poetry and make to minister to.

BEHEADINGS.

1. Behead a crime and leave common-sense.
2. Behead an inhabitant of the sea and leave an interjection; behead me again and see where all the world once resided.
3. Behead disease and leave a lady.

ENIGMA.

My first is in moon but not in sun;
My second is in walk but not in run;
My third is in night but not in day;
My fourth is in want but not in way;
My fifth is in worm but not in bait;
My sixth is in love but not in hate;
My seventh is in isle but not in lea;
My eight is in law but not in fee;
My whole is the name of a beautiful tree.
—*Lilian A. Greene.*

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

WORD PUZZLE.—Strain, train, rain, ain, in, 'N.

ANAGRAM BLANKS.—Chain, china; persist, stripes; remiss, misers; aspire, praise.

DROP-VOWEL PUZZLE.—

See what a lovely shell,
Small and pure as a pearl,
Lying close to my foot,
Frail, but a work divine;
Made so fairily well
With delicate spire and whorl.
How exquisitely minute,
A miracle of design.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.—Naughty.

BEHEADINGS.—Broom-room, glass-lass, chair-hair-air, box-ox, coat-oat, gown-own, water-ater.

DID YOU ever ask your girls how much they knew about bread-making? Unfortunately cooking cannot be taught in public schools, as sewing is; but a hint can go from the teacher to the mother which may or may not bring forth fruit. However, the chance of results makes the effort worth while. Suggest that each girl watch her mother while she is bread-making, and that she ask every possible question about the process. Say, very emphatically, that she will be a fortunate girl who is allowed to try the operation with her own hands, and have a composition written on what each one has seen or done. Some of you who have not had much intercourse with the poorer class of parents will be surprised to find that a mother who works hard over sewing and housework seven days in the week is likely to have a daughter incapable of tying a knot in her thread, or sweeping a room carefully. Send out filaments in every direction. Reach the parents and force them, by the very power of your interest in their children, to help you in directions where you alone can accomplish nothing.—*Journal of Education.*

A PINE-APPLE FIELD IN BERMUDA.

Our graphic illustration shows this most luscious of all the tropical fruits at home, in its native Bermuda, where it is cultivated in large fields, the slips being planted wherever there is earth enough among the rocks. The pine-apples grow on stems about a foot high, with a crown of long spiked leaves, and the fruit in the middle. They are ripe in May, when the whole field is cut down. In addition to the large numbers that are exported both to domestic and foreign ports, considerable quantities are canned for exportation. Fine as are the West Indian pine-apples, those grown under glass excel them in flavor, and command a much higher price in market, even in England, where their cultivation in hot-houses—which was once regarded as the highest triumph of the horticultural art—is now comparatively easy, and is one of the luxuries of wealthy establishments. They are propagated chiefly by means of suckers, and also by the crowns, while new varieties are obtained from seed from the partially wild plants.

FUN WITH A SPIDER.

Spiders in many respects are just like other animals, and can be tamed and petted and taught a great many other lessons which they will learn as readily as a dog or cat. But you must take the trouble to study their ways and get on the right side of them.

One day I had been reading in a book how spiders managed to get their webs across streams and roads, and from the top of one tall tree to another. I went out and caught a large garden spider, one of those blue-gray, sprawling fellows, and fixed him up for my experiment.

I took a stick about eighteen inches in length and fastened a piece of iron to one end of it so that the stick would stand up on that end of itself. Then I put this stick in a large tub of water, and placed the spider on top of the stick. I wanted to see if he could get to the "land," which was the edge of the tub, without any help. He ran down first one side of the stick and then the other; each time he would stop when he touched the water, and shaking his foot as a cat does, he would run up again. At last he came to the conclusion that he was entirely surrounded by water—on an island, in fact. After remaining perfectly quiet for a long while, during which I have no doubt he was arranging his plans, he began running around the top of the stick, and throwing out great coils of web with his hind feet. In a few minutes little fine strings of web were floating away in the slight breeze that was blowing. After a little one of these threads touched the edge of the tub and stuck fast, as all spider webs will do.

This was just what Mr. Spider was looking for, and the next moment he took hold of his web and gave it a jerk, as a sailor does a rope when he wishes to see how strong it is or to make it fast. Having satisfied himself that it was fast at the other end, he gathered it in till it was tight and straight, and then ran on it quickly to the shore; a rescued castaway saved by his own ingenuity.

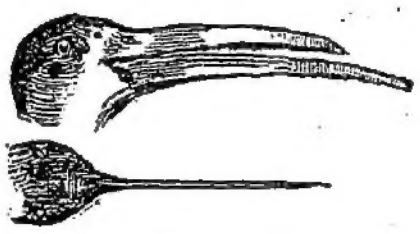
Spiders are not fools, if they are ugly; and He who made all things has a care and thought for all. The earth is full of the knowledge of God.—*Christian at Work.*

THE COLUGO.

In the forests of the islands constituting the Indian Archipelago is found a curious flying animal that forms the connecting link between the lemur and the bat. The natives call it the colugo, and also the "flying-fox," but it is more like a flying monkey, as the lemurs are cousins of the monkeys. Like the bats, these animals sleep in the day-time hanging from the limbs and branches of trees, head downward; but as evening comes on they sally forth, often doing great harm to the fruit on the neighboring plantations. In some parts of Java they are so numerous that it is found necessary to protect the fruit trees with huge nets. The extent of their flights through the air is something astonishing. They sometimes drop to the ground and hop along with a shuffling kind of leap, but if they are alarmed, they spring to the nearest tree and in a moment reach its top by a series of bounds. Out upon the branches they dart, and with a rush are off into space. Sailing through the air like some great bird, down they go obliquely, swift as an arrow, a hundred and fifty feet or more, rising again in a graceful curve and alighting safely on a distant tree. In these great leaps they carry their young, which cling to them or sometimes follow them in their headlong flight, uttering hoarse and piercing cries. The colugos live almost exclusively on fruit, preferring plantains and the young and tender leaves of the cocoa-palms, though some writers aver that they have seen them dart into the air and actually catch birds. The flying lemurs are perfectly harmless, and so gentle as to be easily tamed. They have lovely dark eyes and very intelligent and knowing faces.—*C. F. Holder, in St Nicholas for April.*

A BIRD THAT HELPS ITSELF TO OYSTERS.

This wonderful fellow, I'm told, opens oysters with his bill. The longer mandible is thrust between the valves, and then turned so as to wedge open the shell; in fact, it is used as an oysterman uses his knife. The oyster is then cut away with the upper blade and swallowed. Sometimes the oyster closes upon the whole beak, in which case the bird bangs the

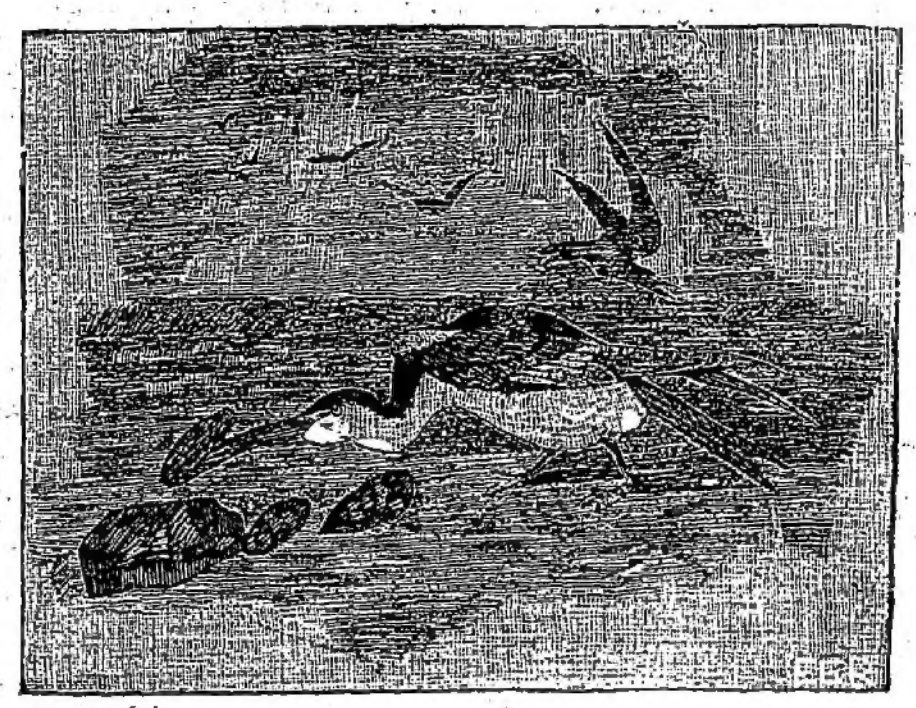


SIDE-VIEW AND TOP-VIEW OF THE BEAK OF THE SCISSOR-BILL.

shell against a stone so as to break the hinge and expose the inhabitant, which is immediately scooped out. He also skims along just over the surface of the sea, picking up whatever he can find to eat. While thus darting about, the bird utters loud and exultant cries, as if proud of its skill.—*St. Nicholas.*

BABIES IN SCANDINAVIA.

The peasants like grand names for their little ones, such as Adolph, Adricin, Gotfried, Gustavus, for boys; and Josephina, Thora, Ingeborg for girls; and if they have no name prepared they seek one in the almanac for the particular day of baby's birth. It is "baptized" the next Sunday and taken to church by the godmother, who provides the christening garments, which are often trimmed with colored bows, while the infant has beads around its neck and wears a cap with very little border. The clergyman holds it well over the font and pours water over the back of the head three times, and then wipes with a towel. As the baby is swathed in six-inch-wide bandages so that it cannot move its legs and sometimes not even its arms, it is obliged to lie very passive during this ceremonial. The peasants have their reasons for this swathing, the first of which is that they think it makes the limbs grow straight; the second that it turns baby into a compact bundle to carry. When swathed thus, infants have been said to resemble the tail of a lobster, or even its whole body. In the north they are often hung from a long, springy pole stuck in the wall, to be out of the way; and, being by nature quiet, they are supposed not to mind it. Their cradles, which are very primitive, are also frequently suspended by a spiral spring from the roof, which must be more comfortable than the pole. Both in Swedish and Norwegian Lapland, people take these "swaddlings" to church. But instead of carrying them into church they make a hole in the snow outside in the churchyard and bury them in it, leaving a small aperture for breathing purposes. The babies are kept splendidly warm, while their friends within the sacred building have their beards frozen to their fur coats by the freezing of their own breaths. As soon as a peasant boy can walk, he is put into trousers, buttoned inside his jacket; and these are so baggy behind that it is often amusing to see him. This bagginess is frequently due to the fact that the trousers originally belonged to his father, but were cut off at the legs and simply drawn round the boy's waist without reducing their size. Add to this that the feet are shod either with little jack-boots or wooden shoes, and we have a strange picture. Their stockings either have leather heels or no heels at all, so that the mother is spared the trouble of mending them. Neither has she much labor with their heads, the hair of which is cropped as close as a convict's. The girls also wear wooden shoes, but they have gingham kerchiefs or caps on their heads, frocks down to their heels and quaint pinafores.—*Little Folk's Magazine.*



HELPING HIMSELF TO OYSTERS.

NO WEIGHTS.

"Let us lay aside every weight."—Heb. 12: 1.

If you were going to run a race, you would first put down all the parcels you might have been carrying. And if you had a heavy little parcel in your pocket, you would take that out and lay it down too, because it would hinder you in running. You would know better than to say, "I will put down the parcels which I have in my hands, but nobody can see the one in my pocket, so that one won't matter!" You would "lay aside every weight."

You have a race to run to-day, a little piece of the great race that is set before you. God has set a splendid prize before you, "the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus," a crown that is incorruptible.

Now what are you going to do about the weights, the things that hinder you from running this race? you know some things do seem to hinder you; will you keep them or lay them aside? Will you only lay aside something that every one can see is hindering you, so that you will get a little credit for putting it down, and keep something that your own little conscience knows is a real hinderance, though no one else knows anything at all about it? Oh, take St. Paul's wise and holy advice, and make up your mind to lay aside every weight.

Different persons have different weights; we must find out what ours are, and give them up. One finds that if she does not get up directly she is called, the time slips by, and there is not enough left for quiet prayer and Bible reading. Then here is a little weight that must be laid aside. Another is at school, and finds that he gets no good, but a little harm, when he goes much with a certain boy. Then he must lay that weight aside. Another takes a story book up to bed, and reads it up to the last minute, and then her head is so full of the story that she only says words when she kneels down, and cannot really pray at all. Can she doubt that this is a weight which must be laid aside?

It may seem hard to lay our pet weight down; but, oh, if you only knew how light we feel when it is laid down, and how much easier it is to run the race which God has set before us!—*Morning Bells.*

HOW WOODEN SHOES ARE MADE.

An industry that cannot last many years more, thanks to the rapid cheapening of leather shoes by means of machinery, is the manufacture of wooden shoes, still the only wear of thousands of French peasantry. A writer in *Chambers's Journal* pleasantly describes the manner in which this industry is carried on. The surroundings are certainly picturesque. An encampment has been formed in the beech woods, and suitable trees are selected and felled. Each will probably give six dozen pairs of wooden shoes. Other kinds of wood are spongy and soon penetrated with damp, but the beech sabots are light, of close grain, and keep the feet dry in spite of snow and mud, and in this respect are greatly superior to leather.

All is animation. The men cut down the tree; the trunk is sawn into lengths, and if the pieces prove too large they are divided into quarters. The first workman fashions the *sabots* roughly with the hatchet, taking care to give the bend for right and left; the second takes it in hand, pierces the hole for the interior, scoops the wood out with an instrument called the *cuiller*.

The third is the artist of the company; it is his work to finish and polish it, carving a rose or primrose upon the top if it be for the fair sex. Sometimes he cuts an open border around the edge, so that a blue or white stocking may be shown by a coquettish girl. As they are finished they are placed in rows under the white shavings; twice a week the apprentice exposes them to a fire, which smokes and hardens the wood, giving it a warm golden hue. The largest sizes are cut from the lowest part of the bole, to cover the workman's feet who is out in rain from morning to night. The middle part is for the busy house-wife who is treading the washhouse, the dairy, or stands beside the village fountain. Next come those of the little shepherd, who wanders all day long with his flock, and still smaller ones for the school boy. Those for the babies have the happiest lot; they are seldom worn out. As the foot grows the mother keeps the little sabots in a corner of her cupboard beside the baptismal robe.

A Celebrated German writer mentions "an antique, the whole size of which is but one inch in length, and one-third of an inch in breadth, and yet it contains in mosaic the picture of a Mallard duck, which, in brilliancy of coloring, and in distinct representation of parts, even of wings and feathers, equals a miniature painting. And what is most wonderful, on being turned, it presents the same picture without a discoverable variation on the opposite side."

Never Enter upon the duties of the day without "casting all your care" upon God and seeking His guidance and blessing upon all things. In answer to this prayer many minutes, nay, hours, may be given you, and thus you may find "a minute to spare."

The Family Circle.

THE PLACE PREPARED.

St. John 14 : 2.

Dear Lord, wilt thou indeed
A place for me prepare;
And fit it to my need
With tender care?

Within its ample space
There shall I find
All fair and lovely things
Just to my mind?

And will there be free scope
For every power
To perfectly develop?
Shall my dower

Of birthright gifts
Which here I scarce have learned
To use aright,
To fullest use be turned?

As doth a loving bridegroom
For his bride,
Wilt thou recall each taste,
For each provide?

Ah, Lord! methinks
I do not greatly care
What thou prepar'st for me;
So thou be there.

If I may kiss thy feet,
May touch thee without sin,
I'll ask no more
Though word nor glance I win.

To see thy blessed face,
For me who lived, who died:
My master and my Lord:
I shall be satisfied.

—*N. Y. Observer.*

ROMANCE AND REALITY—FROM LIFE.

By Mrs. Lucy E. Sanford in N. Y. Observer.

CHAPTER IV.

After dinner Mrs. Johns went to the trunk in which she placed the clothes of the loved Willie right after they laid his dear form beside the lake he loved so well.

Every article she had kissed and sobbed over as she folded and laid them away with that great, bitter sorrow of heart that could not say, "Thy will be done." She had locked the trunk, feeling she could open it never—again.

But now she sat before it with a great peace in her soul. Earth with its many forms of temptation, and trial, and suffering and sorrow, and sin, she had that day seen as never before. Her happy, holy Willie, would she bring him back to these? No! No! No!

She brought her boy's clothes for the boy who had been so strangely sent in his place.

Bathed and dressed cleanly, George was a fine looking boy, but pale and thin and delicate, with finely cut features and small, nervous hands.

When Deacon Johns came into tea he looked in silence a moment then threw his arms around the dear familiar clothes and sobbed aloud his pent-up grief. The fatherly embrace brought his own father to George, and he threw his arms around the Deacon's neck and kissed him.

Each had another in his thought, but the embrace brought their hearts close together.

As soon as tea was over, tired George went to his clean room and fresh bed. Mrs. Johns dressed his feet tenderly, and gave a motherly dose to check that hard cough, and bade him good night. But before she reached the foot of the stairs she heard him speak and went back. She found, as she neared the door, he was praying, and her ear caught "forgive," and "thank," again and again, amid penitent and grateful sobs.

The next morning, soon after Deacon Johns reached his shop, Mr. Noyes came in and asked,

"Is your tramp safe?"

"My boy is safe, and a very nice boy he is too."

"That Dick you left with me has vanished and I thought maybe your boy had gone with him."

"What did you let him go for?"

"He went away without 'let' or hindrance. Yesterday Ned was very quiet; he seemed pleased, but ashamed, and afraid at the thought of his father. But Dick was overjoyed at the idea of going to Boston. It was the only city in the world, his mother was the best woman, she would be glad to see him, but not half as glad as he should be to see her. He should be wiser for the trip. He was very smart too, washed himself and his clothes, and Mrs. Noyes helped him mend them, as he said he wanted to be ready to go back, and Mr. Bright would buy Ned a new suit, but of course wouldn't buy him one. This morning I couldn't find my boots. After looking about I went for the boys. Ned was fast asleep, but Dick was not to be found. But at last we found this on the sitting room table."

He handed a paper to the Deacon, on the margin of which was written:

"Ned you don't catch me going home like a whipped baby. I guess not! I have got Noyes' boots, cap, and a V of his and a lunch. You tell your father to pay up and make mother pay him. Be a good boy and learn your Sunday-school lessons well. Bye-bye, baby!"

"That boy must be found. He is young proud, energetic and misguided. That uncle is more to blame than he is."

They went at once to talk to George. He said:

"Ned's father is rich and will pay up. But I guess you wont find Dick. He is awful smart, and has read lots of books and knows just how smart ones do things."

"These popular books for boys, with their false pictures of life, their hair-breadth escapes and wonderful exploits, are criminal. I wish I could burn every one."

Search was made at once, and the nearest town westward was telegraphed, but the wit and wisdom of two sharp towns could get no trace of Dick.

CHAPTER V.

While the rumbling of the cars was still heard as they rushed along the prarie, a tall slight man, with a coat trimmed with fur, a fur cap and fur topped gloves stepped quietly into the shop and asked:

"Is Mr. Johns in?"

The Deacon came quickly forward and extended his hand cordially.

"Mr. Bright," said the stranger, as he laid his cold hand in the warm palm of the Deacon.

"I knew it was you as soon as I saw you. Glad to see you. Your boy is well."

"I thank you. Is he here?"

"No, but not far off. Take a seat. I'll go with you in a moment."

As he sat down the good Deacon, feeling in every fibre of his nature the Boston east wind that wrapped the stranger as a mantle, and determining to shield the boy from the cold blast, said:

"Your boy is very penitent, and sorely punished, and very glad to go home, but," with a smile, "very much afraid to meet you."

"He has reason to be."

"I thought you'd say that. I know you think its none of my business to give you advice, but it was not my business to stop your boy either, so I think I have a right to say a word to you."

"Say what you please, sir."

"Show your boy you love him as you do. Take him to your arms and your heart."

"Sir, the ungrateful boy left a home where he had everything he could desire, and has made his mother miserable, almost insane. I know how to treat him."

"You will punish him severely?"

"What punishment could be severe for him?"

"And you expect to soften and subdue him by the punishment you have determined on. Your heavenly Father has been punishing you. Are you softened by it?"

"Sir!—where did you say I will find Edward?"

"I didn't say, as you know! Have you even guarded his reading? It was a romantic fancy, born of the books that flood the country, that has led these boys to seek a grand fortune in the unknown land of gold. It was the New Testament that saved them from crime, and gives Ned back unstained and penitent, to you."

Then he gave the history of the place and the trip. The almost crime startled the father; the reading the Testament by the wayside, and the longing home sickness made his chin quiver. The Deacon added:

"Yet your proud, sensitive boy, with the sore awakening from his dream, with a heart aching for his mother's kiss and smile, felt that starvation, cold, freezing amid the stern Rocky Mountains less terrible than to meet you—his father."

"If I am so terrible that he preferred to starve or freeze, why didn't he go on!"

"The memory of his father's kindness opened George's lips to my wife. And I went in a fierce storm half a mile to a horse shed and found your boy cowering on a block in the corner, cold, ragged, dirty, worn, weary and discouraged, but without one thought of going home. But I stopped them, Mr. Bright," and his voice grew gentle and tremulous, "I had a son—scarce older than these—a son I loved as my own soul. His sports were my sports; his joys my joys; his little troubles were my troubles too. His reading was my reading, and he grew to be a bright and noble boy." The tears welling from his heart choked him.

"Is he lost?" asked Mr. Bright, feelingly.

"Lost! he is saved—eternally saved, and for his loved sake we have saved these."

With a quivering lip and moistened eye Mr. Bright said:

"I understand it all now. I thank you for the lesson you have taught me. I have deserved this but I did not know it until now. God bless you for your love for my boy."

Arm in arm they went out. As they stepped into the room where Ned sat by the fire, he turned deadly pale and his eyes dilated as he fixed them on his father, but he did not move.

"Edward! my son!" said his father kindly, opening his arms. Ned sprang forward and fell into his embrace.

CHAPTER VI.

Mr. Bright left Boston so suddenly it was necessary for him to return at once. But he stayed a day to send men to find Dick and to telegraph home.

George had a very severe cold; his feet were sore, one foot badly swollen; he was in a Christian family softened by a great sorrow, who already loved him and wished him to stay; he had a motherly care. He had no home, no mother to go to. His father therefore decided to let him remain until the business season over he could come for him.

"Will you like to stay, George?" asked Mr. Bright.

"I would very, very much, only I do want to ask my father's forgiveness."

"I will tell him and you can write it," said Mr. Bright, with unwonted gentleness.

As Dick could not be found, Mr. Bright, authorized a reward for the boy or information respecting him sent to Deacon Johns.

The next morning Mr. Bright came to leave his last wishes and some money, and once more to thank Deacon Johns for all he had done. Edward came with him to say "good-bye" to George. In his nice, clean new clothes, with his bright happy smile, the Deacon could hardly recognize the forlorn boy he found in the horse-shed. He said:

"Deacon Johns, I thank you, and I shall thank you all my life."

"That you will, my boy! And look out what books you read," he answered heartily.

"I promise you, I will, sir."

Then he put his hand in his father's and looked up in his face with such trust, that the two men looked each other full in the eye, clasped hands strongly, and wept together.

And thus they parted, each made wiser and truer from their life-circles, having touched though only to diverge again.

As this story is from real life, the rest of it may be soon told. Nothing was heard from Dick. It was certain he came to no good, or he would have sent word home if he did not return.

George did not recover from the cold he caught while exposed in the storm; he grew worse and worse, and consumption set in. His father was sent for and came to him.

To see him slowly wasting away was torture to his father.

"Murdered," he would say "just murdered by books of wild adventure and absurd success. And I did not see what he read! I cannot, cannot bear it. What did I think! —what did I think!"

As with one long, loving look into his father's face, the light of George's eyes went out, Deacon Johns said:

"He walks the 'streets of pure gold' in the 'city of pure gold.'"

"Murdered?" groaned his father. "Murdered!"

THE END.

"THE KING'S BUSINESS."

LEISURE HOUR.

Slowly and aimlessly out of the village wandered poor, half-witted Nat that pleasant summer afternoon. He had no particular destination, "only goin' somewhere"—his reply always to any question in regard to his movements. During the morning he had been parading the village street, his hat trimmed luxuriantly with feathers, while he sounded forth his own praise through the medium of a tin horn. Of course he had attracted attention. A small army of urchins had surrounded him, front and rear, and he had taken their shouts and teasing remarks for applause and admiration. But now his grandeur was gone. One by one his followers had forsaken him, until at last he was "left alone in his glory," and with poor Nat, like the rest of us, what does glory amount to when there are none to witness?

And so he moved onward in his drifting, uncertain way across the creek at the edge of the village, up the hill, until his stalwart form stood out against the sky—for Nat was strong in body though weak in mind; then he passed down on the other side to where the road entered a forest which stretched for miles away. It was here quiet and lonely, but Nat fancied this. He occasionally liked to escape from human voices and human habitations, to get away by himself and talk with the birds, the trees and the flowers. Here in the wood the wild vagaries of his brain found full play. Here no one disputed his claims to greatness, no one denied his being a noted general, a gifted orator or musician, when the fancy seized him to be such. In fact Nat always had "greatness thrust upon him;" he was never an ordinary man in his own estimation, and he was not now.

But on this occasion a new fancy had taken possession of him—he was on business for the King. What King, or what was the particular business he did not precisely know, but he had derived his idea from various sermons he had heard at the village church and Sunday-school, which he attended with scrupulous punctuality through all weathers, and although he understood but little of the proceedings, yet chance sentences had fastened themselves on his sluggish brain.

"I'm on business for the King," he muttered, reaching up his great strong hand and wrenching a huge overhanging branch from its place and speedily converting it into a walking stick. "Yes, I'm on business for the King, the King of all around here, the birds, the trees, the flowers and the bumble-bees. He sent me, He did. Parson said so t'other Sunday. He said the King sent out his messengers to do his work. He sent out twelve on 'em once't, an' they wasn't to take no money in their purse nor nothin' to eat. Guess He sent me, 'cause I hain't got no money an' hain't had nothin' to eat all day."

He strode onward, murmuring his thoughts as he went until after a time he came upon a public road which ran through the wood. A placard fastened to a tree by the roadside attracted his attention, and he paused to consider it. He could not read, but as his eyes were fixed upon the printed characters the tinkle of a cow-bell was heard down the road, and presently a cow came into view, followed by the short, sturdy figure and round freckled face of Tommy Brock. Tommy was flourishing a large stick and shouting at the cow in his efforts to keep her in a proper homeward direction. As he came up he exclaimed:

"Hello, Nat! What are you doin' here?"

"I'm on business for the King," replied Nat with dignity.

"On business for—who?" asked Tommy in surprise.

"For the King. He sent me," said Nat again. "That's his orders there, I take it," pointing to the placard. "What is it, Tommy?"

"That? Why that's only an advertisement," answered Tommy, his eyes opening wider in his astonishment. "It says, 'Go to Tracey's Half-way House for a square meal.'"

"Yes, I know'd it! I know'd it!" exclaimed Nat exultingly. "The King said take no money nor nothin' to eat, an' He'd take keer of me. He says 'Go,' an' I'll obey orders," and instantly his tall figure was moving swiftly down the road.

Tommy gazed after him a minute in bewildered silence, and then exclaimed emphatically as he turned away:

"My! but ain't he cracked!"

With rapid steps Nat hurried forward, swinging his huge stick and talking to himself. He had taken the placard as a veritable command to go to Tracey's and thitherward he directed his steps. It was not the first time he had been there. On previous occasions when he had passed that way he had been kindly treated by Mrs. Tracey, and perhaps that had something to do with the alacrity of his movements, and he hastened down the road till it brought him to a small stream, on the bank of which stood a sawmill. Mr. Tracey, the owner of the Half-Way-House, was engaged at work here, and he turned aside to speak to him.

"I'm on business for the King, and I'm goin' to your house," he announced with the dignified gravity that belonged to his royal commission.

"On business for the King, and goin' to my house, eh?" answered the person addressed, a good-natured smile crossing his kindly face. "Well, I reckun that's a high honor to me. You've got a tramp afore you, though, Nat—a good seven miles."

"I must obey orders," replied Nat simply.

"That's right—obey orders. Well, if you do go tell Mrs. Tracey I'll be home to-morrow night. Tell her, too, not to be uneasy about that money bein' in the house, 'cause I'll see to it when I come."

"What money's that?" asked a fellow-workman as Nat turned away.

"My pension. My claim was allowed last week, and I got my money—five hundred dollars—yesterday. I was foolish not to put it in the bank right off, but I didn't and as I didn't have time to go in town yesterday I had to leave it at home. I reckon it's safe enough, though, till to-morrow night, and then"—

"Hist!" interrupted his companion suddenly. "What's that?"

Tracey paused to listen.

"I didn't hear anything," he said.

"I though I heard some one over there," pursued the other, pointing to a large, high pile of boards a few feet distant—the boards being piled in form of a square, with a large cavity in the centre. "Most likely it was rats, though."

"More likely to be rats than anything else, there's so many about here," answered Tracey. Then he added jocularly: "Maybe, though, it's them burglars that's been playin' mischief 'round these parts for the last week or so—maybe they're stowed away in that pile of lumber. My! if I really believed that I'd be uneasy myself, for the chaps would have heard all I said about my pension."

"What burglars is that?" inquired the other.

"What burglars? Why, man, don't you read the papers? Why, only yesterday the Sheriff and his deputies rode by my house on the hunt for 'em. Last Saturday night they broke into Lawyer Burke's house in the village, and carried off about a hundred dollars, and then on Sunday night they got into the railway station, broke open the safe, and made off with about three hundred more. That's the biggest of their hauls, though they've entered several other places."

The conversation was continued on this topic for a few minutes, and then dropped. Neither of the men thought it worth while to investigate the cause of the noise, and they pursued their work for a short time and were then called over to the other side of the mill. Just as they disappeared a face peered over the top of the board-pile from the inside, another followed a moment later, and presently two rough, villanous-looking men came into view, and seeing they were unobserved, sprang quickly to the ground and hastened into the forest.

"Close shave that, as bein' as we hid there all last night and all day till now," said one as he pushed through the underbrush.

"Yes; I thought as once them mill chaps was a comin' to look," responded the other. "Good for 'em as they didn't, an' took us for rats; 'cause the p'lice be on the look out now and we don't wan't to use no shootin' irons an' make things too hot. We must move out lively from 'ere, Bill."

"Not till we get that 'ere pension," answered Bill significantly. "That lay-out were as good as pitched at us, an' it'd be a pity not to take it. 'Sides, the gov'ment owes me a pension for all the time I've lost in gaols and prisons an' this ere's a good chance to get it. I knows where the crib is, 'cause we stopped there last week for somethin' to eat, don't you mind? This feller that owns it was there at the time. There is nobody but a woman an' two little uns, an' they're easy fixed, and there ain't no other house nigh."

"But there's that other 'ere chap as said he was a goin' there?"

"Him? He's crazy, an' if he goes there at all he'll only stop a bit an' move on. A tap on the head 'll settle him, anyway, if he's there—but then he won't be there."

During this time Nat was not idle. His tall form, with long and steady stride, was hastening forward "on business for the King."

It did not occur to him what he should do when he reached Tracey's and had been supplied with food. At present he was "obeying orders"—and beyond that his thought did not go. It was indeed a long walk he had undertaken, and it was just at dusk that he reached his destination. The Half-Way House was a lonely hostelry, situated at the intersection of two roads, with no other house in sight, and was a common stopping-place for persons passing to and from the city. Nat stepped boldly upon the broad piazza in front, and with full consciousness of his right walked unhesitatingly into the pleasant sitting-room. Mrs. Tracey came forward to meet him.

"Why, Nat, is that you?"

"Yes'm," he answered gravely. "I was told to come an' get a square meal. The King sent me."

"The King sent you? Well, I guess I'll have to give you a supper, then, said she. "And by the way, Nat, did you see my husband on your way here?"

"Yes'm; and he said for me to tell you he'd be home to-morror night, an' for you not to be uneasy 'bout that money."

"O dear! I did so hope he'd come this evening," she sighed.

She was indeed uneasy on account of the money in the house. She had slept but little the preceding night for thinking of it, and had worried about it all through the day, and now another lonely night was before her. As she was preparing supper for her guest another thought came to her. Could she not induce Nat to stop there for the night? His notion of wandering made it an uncertain request, and even if he remained, with his beclouded intellect, he could not be depended on in case of trouble. Still he would be company, and perhaps he might aid her—she prayed for that—if she needed help.

"Nat," she said, as she poured out a glass of milk for him, "won't you stay here to-night?"

"I don't know whether it be orders," he answered uncertainly. "Parson said the King sent out his messengers, an' they wasn't to take no money nor nothin' to eat, an' I don't know if it be right to stop."

"O, yes it is," replied Mrs. Tracey, catching at once an idea of his thoughts. "I heard what the parson said too. When the King's messenger entered a house he was to abide there—that is to stop. Don't you remember?"

Nat considered the proposition.

"Yes'm, that's his orders. I'll stop," he said.

"And Nat," pursued the lady, rendered eager by her success, "there's another thing the King said—you heard it at Sundayschool. He said, "Suffer little children to come unto me'—that is, such little children as mine there, pointing to them as they stood at her side. "And the King said, too, 'Whosoever shall offend one of these little ones it is better for him that a mill-stone were hanged about his neck, and he were cast into the sea. The King doesn't wish any harm to come to his little ones, in any way—you remember that?"

"Yes 'm," replied Nat absently.

"Well, then," continued Mrs. Tracey, driving the concluding nail into her argument, "if any bad wicked men should come here to-night, and try to hurt me or these little ones, that belong to the King, you would help us, wouldn't you?"

She waited anxiously for the reply. Nat looked at her vaguely for a moment, and then his eyes wandered aimlessly around the room, and then back to her. Finally he said quietly:

"The King sent me. I'll obey orders."

How far he understood she did not know, and all her efforts could draw out no more definite reply, and with that she was obliged to be content. As the evening grew late she provided her guest with a sleeping-place in an adjoining room, by throwing a few quilts on the floor—for Nat would sleep nowhere else—and then she lay down, without undressing on a bed beside her children. But it was a long time before slumber visited her troubled spirit.

As for Nat, no thought of worry or anxiety for the future was on his mind, and he "slept the sleep of the just" And his dreams were peaceful. But after a time those dreams became disturbed and discordant—a voice seemed to be calling to him from his King, and presently he awakened with a start.

"Nat! help! Nat, the King wants you!" came in smothered tones from the other room.

In an instant he sprang lightly to his feet, and grasping his stick he strode forward and opened the door. A fearful struggle met his view as he entered. Two rough, evil-looking men were there—one holding Mrs. Tracey, the other the children—and the villains were evidently trying to bind and gag their victims. As Nat witnessed the scene his tall form seemed to tower yet higher, and a strange, fierce light gleamed from his eyes.

"I belong to the King!" he thundered. "How dare you offend his little ones?"

At this unexpected intrusion one of the burglars released his hold of Mrs. Tracey, and sprang forward with an oath to meet him. But it was in vain. The great stick was whirled in the air, and then came down with fearful force on the head of the villain, and he sank senseless to the floor. The remaining burglar hastened to his comrade's assistance, but he was like a child in the hands of a giant, and in a moment he, too, was helpless and motionless. Nat stooped and drew the two insensible forms toward him.

"Now bring them ropes, and I'll hang a" —he paused, and left the sentence unfinished. "But their aint no millstones 'bout here to hang 'round their necks?" he added, looking up bewildered. "Do you b'lieve a big rock would do? I must obey orders."

"No, I don't believe a rock would do," replied Mrs. Tracey, smiling in spite of her alarm. "But they will be coming to presently; I would just tie their hands and feet and leave them until morning."

"Yes'm, so I will. The King said tie 'em hand and foot—that's his orders. They won't offend his little ones any more," and in a few minutes Nat had them safely secured.

I need not tell of the night that followed, of how Nat kept sleepless guard over his captives, and of how, when morning came and help came with it, the burglas were safely lodged in the county gaol. All that is easily surmised. But at last Nat was a hero—not only in his own eyes but in the eyes of all others. He bore his honors meekly and with dignity, as a right belonging to a servant of the King. He accepted the numerous congratulations and hand-shakings, wondering, perhaps, what it all meant, and replying to the questions heaped upon him with the simple statement: "I just obeyed orders." Nothing, however, could induce him to accept any reward for his services. The royal command was to take no bread, no money in his purse, and he would not.

But Nat did not lack for friends after that. He still continued his wandering, and as the story spread, home and hearts were open to him everywhere. But it was at Tracey's that he was more especially welcomed, and as the years came and went it was noticed that his visits became more frequent and his stays more prolonged. Indeed, as Tracey expresses it:

"He'll get his orders to come here an' die yet, I reckon; an' he's welcome to all the care we can give him. An' I just believe that 'way up in that other world we read about, he'll be as clear-headed as anybody, and in genuine earnest will forever be 'on business for the King.'"

ERSKINE M. HAMILTON.

DID YOU EVER see a counterfeit ten-dollar bill? Yes. Why was it counterfeit? Because it was worth counterfeiting. Did you ever see a scrap of brown paper counterfeited? No. Why? Because it was not worth counterfeiting. Did you ever see a counterfeit Christian? Yes, lots of them. Why was he counterfeited? Because he was worth counterfeiting. Did you ever see a counterfeit infidel? No Why? You answer; I am through.

"OUR FORMER PASTOR used to protect us from such calls," was the chilling remark of a penurious church officer, as he met his minister after the close of a sermon in which he had made an earnest plea for Foreign Missions. Such "protection" is fatal, and only proves how narrow and selfish may be the views and feelings of a heart that has never opened to a full understanding of giving for Christ's sake.

Question Corner.—No. 19.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

1. Into a darkened world,
   Behold, as this I came;
   But blinded men their darkness loved,
   And called not on my name.

2. Thy name is poured forth
   As this; its fragrance shed
   Shall draw us, that we ever may
   By Thee henceforth be led.

3. Lo, smitten for our sins,
   From this sweet waters flow,
   And ever, through our desert life
   Beside us still they go.

4. Into that Heavenly Fold
   The only way am I,
   Enter by this—and, sheltered, safe
   In pastures green, you'll lie.

5. Before the Lamb in robe
   In every hand a [illegible]
   With mighty v[illegible]
   This keyn[illegible]

6. As th[illegible]

[illegible] thus,
[illegible] such may prove,
Keep my [illegible] mandments, so shall ye
Continue in my love.

8. Suffering for us—the Holy One—
   Christ left us this, that we
   May follow in His steps, who bare
   Our sins upon the tree.

9. That Israel of old might live
   This in their need was given,
   Type of life-giving, living Bread
   For men sent down from Heaven.

10. As this—shall He who's Jesse's root,
    For all the people stand,
    To it shall all the Gentiles seek
    From many a far-off-land.

A helpless man is sinking
Beneath tempestuous waves;
In my initials you will find
His cry to Him who saves.

Each son of Adam's race
Must turn with that same cry.
To him who came to save the lost
And give them life on high.

He waits with longing heart—
Freely his life he gives—
Oh! take it from his pierced hand,
Who takes it ever lives.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE CORNER NO 17.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.—(1.) 2 Sam. 20: 10; (2.) Ishbi benob s, 2 Sam. 21: 16; (3.) Doeg. 1 Sam. 22: 18; (4.) Eleazer, the son of Dodo, 2 Sam. 23: 10; (5.) Benaiah, 2 Sam.: 20, 21; (6.) After numbering the people, 2 Sam. 24.

BIBLE STUDY.

Balsam, or Balm of Gilead; Josephus; the Queen of Sheba; Jericho; Bruce; Balsam; the Sultan Selim, who conquered Egypt and Arabia in 1516 Constantinople; Jeremiah viii, 22.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From Westminster Question Book.)

LESSON III.

Oct. 21, 1883.] [I Sam. 8: 1-10.

ASKING A KING.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 4-6.

1. And it came to pass when Samuel was old, that he made his sons judges over Israel.

2. Now the name of his firstborn was Joel; and the name of his second, Abiah; they were judges in Beersheba.

3. And his sons walked not in his ways, but turned aside *after* lucre, and took bribes, and perverted judgment.

4. Then all the elders *of* Israel gathered themselves together, and came to Samuel unto Ramah.

5. And said unto him, Behold, thou art old and thy sons walk not in thy ways: now make us a king to judge us like all the nations.

6. But the thing displeased Samuel, when they said, Give us a king to judge us; and Samuel prayed *unto the Lord.*

7. And the Lord said unto Samuel, Hearken unto the voice of the people in all that they say unto thee: for they have not rejected thee, but they have rejected me, that I should not reign over them.

8. According to all the works which they have done since the day that I brought them up out of Egypt even unto this day, wherewith they have forsaken me, and served other gods, so do they also unto thee.

9. Now therefore hearken unto their voice: howbeit, yet protest solemnly unto them, and shew them the manner of the king that shall reign over them.

10. And Samuel told all the words of the Lord unto the people that asked of him a king.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"It is better to trust in the Lord than to put confidence in princes."—Ps. 118: 9.

TOPIC.—A Nation's Ingratitude.

LESSON PLAN.—1. THE PEOPLE'S REQUEST, vs. 1-5. 2. THE MATTER CARRIED TO GOD, v. 6. 3. THE LORD'S ANSWER, vs. 7-10.

TIME.—B.C. 1095. PLACE.—Ramah, a town of Judah, the birthplace, residence and burial-place of Samuel.

LESSON NOTES.

V. *WHEN* SAMUEL WAS OLD—by the common chronology, he was not far from sixty years of age. MADE HIS SONS JUDGES—as his temporary assistants. He probably did not intend them to be his successors. V. 2. BEERSHEBA—at the southern extremity of Palestine. V. 3. WALKED NOT IN HIS WAYS—failed to imitate his example. But Samuel is not, like Eli, charged with the blame of his sons' misconduct. LUCRE—gain. PERVERTED JUDGMENT—their decisions were influenced by bribes. V. 4. THE ELDERS—the legal representatives of the people. V. 5. MAKE US A KING—this request expressed the desire of the people. Hitherto God [illegible] ing. Now they desire to have a [illegible] ions around them (v. 20). They [illegible] or their request: (1) Samuel [illegible] were not like him. But [illegible] anted to be like all [illegible] SED SAMUEL—the [illegible] inst him and a [illegible] TO THE LORD [illegible] ord heard [illegible] THE [illegible] S

[illegible] the same as that of the [illegible] ce-ginning. V. 9. HEARKEN- [illegible] es in his displeasure what he withhol[illegible] mercy. PROTEST SOLEMNLY—warn them of their sin and folly. They would be punished by letting them have their own way, and through the king whom they so much desired. THE MANNER OF THE KING—his exactions and oppressions—what he might and would require, according to the way in which kings ruled, all of whom in those days were despotic. Samuel did this, but the people were fixed in their purpose (v. 19.)

TEACHINGS:

1. Great services are often forgotten or treated with ingratitude.
2. A right thing may be asked for at a wrong time and in a wrong way.
3. It is not safe to trust a multitude: the voice of the people is not always the voice of God.
4. God sometimes punishes by giving men what they wish.
5. Those who lightly esteem God's favors will lose them.

TOO CHEAP.

A preacher of the Gospel had gone down into a coal mine, during the noon hour, to tell the miners of that grace and truth which came by Jesus Christ. After telling them the simple story of God's love to lost sinners—man's state and God's remedy, a full and free salvation offered—the time came for the men to resume work, and the preacher came back to the shaft to ascend to the world again. Meeting the foreman, he asked him what he thought of God's way of salvation.

The man replied, "Oh, it is too cheap; I cannot believe in such a religion as that!"

Without an immediate answer to his remark, the preacher asked, "How do you get out of this place?"

"Simply by getting into the cage" was the reply.

"And does it take long to get to the top?"

"Oh no; only a few seconds."

"Well, that is very easy and simple. But do you not need to help to raise yourself?" said the preacher.

"Of course not," replied the miner. "As I have said, you have nothing to do but get into the cage."

"But what about the people who sunk the shaft, and perfected all this arrangement? Was there much labor or expense about it?"

"Indeed, yes; that was a laborious and expensive work. The shaft is eighteen hundred feet deep, and it was sunk at great cost to the proprietors; but it is our only way out, and without it we should never be able to get to the surface."

"Just so. And when God's Word tells you that whosoever believeth on the Son of God hath everlasting life, you at once say, 'too *cheap*, too cheap;' forgetting that God's work to bring you and others out of the pit of destruction and death was accomplished at a vast cost, the price being the death of His own Son."—*Michigan Christian Advocate.*

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PEACE! BE STILL!

Miss M. A. BAKER. H. R. PALMER.

1. Mas - ter, the tem-pest is rag - ing, The bil-lows are toss - ing high; The sky is o'er-shadowed with
black-ness, No shel - ter or help is nigh; "Car - est Thou not that we per- ish?"—How canst Thou
lie a - sleep, When each mo-ment so mad - ly is threat-ning A grave in the an - gry deep?
CHORUS.
The winds and the waves shall o-bey My will, Peace, ... be still! ... ... Wheth-er the wrath of the
Peace, be still! peace, be still!
storm-tossed sea, Or de- mons, or men, or what - ev - er it be, No wa - ter can swal-low the
ship where lies The Mas-ter of o - cean, and earth, and skies; They all shall sweet-ly o - bey Thy will;
Peace, be still! peace, be still! They all shall sweet-ly o - bey My will; Peace, peace, be still!

2. Master, with anguish of spirit,
I bow in my grief to-day;
The depths of my sad heart are troubled;
Oh, waken and save, I pray;
Torrents of sin and of anguish
Sweep o'er my sinking soul;
And I perish, I perish, dear Master;
Oh hasten, and take control.

3. Master, the terror is over,
The elements sweetly rest;
Earth's sun in the calm lake is mirrored,
And heaven's within my breast;
Linger, O blessed Redeemer,
Leave me alone no more;
And with joy I shall make the blest harbour,
And rest on the blissful shore.

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